

**OBLIVISCAR.**

*From The Fair Record.*

Slowly beating, lowly moaning on thy dreary  
Wint'ry shore,  
Ever sobbing, ever telling of the long foreve-more,  
Of the time when earth knew not the presence of  
Thee, O time of tears, O time of grief,  
Of the time in distant ages when they shall be gone  
again,  
O boundless, endless sea!

Slowly beating, lowly moaning, with a gentle, cool  
embrace,  
Thou art resting in thy bosom my dead darling's  
pallid face,  
And thou softly callest to me, trying to forget my  
grief,  
"Come to me and rest forever, come to me and find  
relief."  
O boundless, endless sea!

Slowly beating, lowly moaning, sweetly speakest  
thou to me,  
And my weary soul is eager, evermore at rest to be.  
Sorrow's crowd upon me thickly, life is like a gloomy  
night—  
Ocean! in thy depths I'll hide me, in oblivion find  
delight!  
O boundless, endless sea!

CHARLES E. CUSHING.

## THE BISHOP'S SIN.

As the Bishop's conduct has been the subject of considerable comment, it becomes a kind of duty to give the true account of the whole matter.

As everybody knows, the Right Reverend Everton and Taupha was a very Broad Churchman. Had he boldly opposed the Tractarian movement in

## THE BISHOP'S SIN

[illegible]

of the previous evening. "I was invited, nominally. Julia-  
nna was going to the Bar, and only ate dinners, or  
rather sat in dignified silence at the Maudslayi  
Temple six o'clock morning tea, and then she and  
I went to the point on the ground that she  
never ate boiled mutton; in the afternoon, Natu-  
rally enough this statement was made by her  
brother, several times. Julia then went to bot-  
tle her friends for dinner the moment grace was  
said.

Because these facts in mind, it will be understood  
that he was rather hurt when it came to  
hear that his son had been frequently seen, at  
Mrs. Gibson Crosby's, small and early, and  
Mrs. Crosby's, large and late, and consequently  
at the St. James' Hall on Monday even-  
ings, apparently enwrapped in the strains of a Spaur  
quartet, in company with a little girl and a  
boy, and a young man, who was identified  
as Crabbe told him that the pair had been no-  
ticed shopping at Whiteley's on the same day.

'It won't do, my boy,' said the Bishop one day. 'She may be all you say—probably is; but then you know Blackmore is a solicitor—attorneys we use to call them—and a Dissenter, and I don't like it; besides, the Crabbees talk about it so.'

'My dear father,' said Julian somewhat hotly. 'Miss Crabbie is a member of the Browning Society, and an Eastern Buddhist, and all the rest of it; but she's a frowy old goss-p for all that, and Miss Biewley is a charming natural girl, and worth fifty of Crabbie, and—'

The Bishop looked agnost.

"Besides, I know, going to the Bar would make friends with solicitors, and her father had made the professional plea didn't soften the Bishop; and he wrinkled his brow and his apron both usually smooth—he said she was too young for her business, and he said she was perfectly monstrous." "I'm ashamed of you."

Why Julian rushed up-stairs after his father had retired, got on to a fresh coat, and dashed into a bathroom, I don't know; but in a quarter of an hour he was laughing with Kitty Blewby. Dear little Kitty—rude, madly, and winking-looking—was up with Frank delighted that they were lovers at last, and she told him all the news of the day in due time, and flashed as she listened to Julian's somewhat reverent account of his recent interview.

"Oh, look love me, Kitty?" he pleaded; and she

looked grave and said nothing; but she certainly danced with him. And all Cockerton (Crescent) chuckled over it, saying "I don't know what it was, but I think that we two were maying," and a faint, evident meaning, between the polkas; and Julian sat next to Kitty at the sit-down supper, and pulled crackers with her. Cockerton said, "I have never seen you so close about Cockerton Crescent, I assure you."

Miss Frederic, Buddhist, Crabbe told the Bishop, read about it, and there is no doubt the Right Reverend did not think it was very curious. There followed an interview; so far the paragraphs that appeared in the weekly journals were quite accurate. But it is quite false as I said, that the Bishop and I were in the same room, and that we conversed with a carving knife. Still, I admit the interview, and I also am bound to acknowledge its

The following week was a fierce one for everybody. The lady earned. The Bishop roughly slated three doctors and a dean, and sacked a new curate who had pretended to adopt a superior attitude during the last year. The dean had a bad week at it, but he got naturally enough, for he only backed horses. Those names began with K; Miss Clabhorn read a paper on the "K" question before the American Medical Delegation Society; and Kitty cried. These events are now matters of history.

The study came up again, and this time the Bishop was vociferous. "You have been a dream of mine," he said, "and you may as well play lawn-tennis with Tom Hughes in New-Hugby for a summer, and starve for the rest of your life. I won't send you to the flat; I'll stop you all along, and keep you down there." "It's all right, my dear—you Apostate!"

It was the old word the Bishop could think of at

the moment and it lifted remarkable well. But the Apostle, who had been at this time, seemed to acquiesce in his father's views; and then, to the Bishop's bewilderment, threw over all engagements, refused all invitations, and settled down soberly and dispassionately to his work, reading, writing, and thinking, when he was reading. Home to dinner punctually every evening; talked a little politics or a sensational trial with the old gentleman; but after his coffee, took his Broom, and his first brand-new copy of the 'Reports.' The Apostle meant to be a barrister, and, oddly enough, evidently meant to learn the law, and, in the end, to be a lawyer, which shows what a very original young man he was.

It was perplexing. Julian the Apostle had renounced his social heredity so thoroughly, that he had even taken to the man-work in doubtless

of it, and would have nothing to say to the cloud of white cards that settled all over the mitre in his study like a flock of interlopers. He was a "rough lawyer," as he was called, and he was not at all inclined to believe to what his lordship became a kind of amateur detective; he watched every letter that arrived; he called in Mr. Bland, the clerk, and Mr. Bland was his most punctual and most industrious pupil.

"I assure you my Lord Bishop," said that distinguished advocate, "he knows a vast deal of the business of the law, and he makes no very extravagant 'devil' in him." The expression was startling, but very gratifying when properly explained. Still, there the matter was: Julian the Merry had become Julian the Mysterious, and there was no clew to him.

One memorable evening the Bishop, having finished

He had the sketch of a charge in mind, but Bishop Butler was in a charge of his own, and he was not to be disturbed. He sat in his study brooding over the matter all day. He was doing his best for his boy; he kept repeating to himself; but his spiritual wrestling with the matter was disturbed some time by a visit from a friend. He saw a glimpse of a certain beautiful face he had once seen with Julian in the Park, and a photograph of which said little for the young man. He was looking at it when the door opened and a young man in a blue frock coat came in. He was interrupted by the sound of his son's quick step on the stairs, and then he saw his voice.

"All right, Pollard, I'm just running out to post the letter." He went back to dress in five minutes.

"You can wait here, Master Julian," said the maid. "The lord's retainer, the Bishop's butler," he said. "I'm taking his lordship's letters presently."

He went to the door and called Pollard very low.

we were there. There was a metallic "flap" as the letter was dropped into the big oak pillar-box that stood in the hall, and then Julian ran back to his study.

"Hurry! To whom? Why Julian to post to him himself? And then I fear some little demon had the audacity to whisper in this Bishop's ear, for that good man was disquieted, and rose from his chair. The room seemed hot so he opened the door. The hall looked cool, so he walked into it. There was no one there. Like Eugene Aram, he took three hasty strides, and then stopped opposite the oak letter-box. He looked in, and saw the letter had quite gone."

"After all, there can be no harm in just seeing to whom he is writing; it might be some vile money-

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

*MARCH WINDS.*

A BALLADE.

The merry winds of March awake,  
 And puffing forth their fabled cave,  
 The old folks quake, the old oaks shake,  
 The old crones creak to every gale,  
 And the merry winds seasonably rave,  
 The lissom linden and the litcher  
 Are all bows for my Beauty's sake!  
 Hail ye, O, the merry winds of March!

They rouse dead sea and lizard lake,  
 They make the chill birds sing and brave;  
 They rouse the budding branches break,  
 Branches in bud the ruin save,  
 Or with their blossoms do the grave,  
 And budding summer's verdant pave,  
 And autumn's autumn architecture;  
 Bravo, the merry winds of March!

White winters freeze and summers bake,  
 Their sun and ice alike enslave;  
 The March winds blow, and straightway take  
 The winter's reign and melt the knave;  
 Their wounds the dropping Aprils lave,  
 And wet the lips blown dust may parch,  
 And cool for us spring's sun-baked cake—  
 Bravo, the merry winds of March!

ENVOI.

Beauty, we sing this simple stave  
Because, despite your plumed starch,  
They will at moments misbehave—  
Bravo, the merry winds of March!

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LOVE AND LIFE.

*From Harper's Bazar.*

I love you. What old words are these  
That fall so lightly from the tongue?  
As common as the skies and seas,  
And song that men and birds have sung.

Yet they are new to me and strange,  
As though no man had ever said,  
"I love you." I know a change  
Has wrought the living from the dead.

I love you. I have felt the stir

How glad I have been  
 Of a dream, whose theme, which makes  
 The world seem but a part of her  
 Whose nature like a radiance breaks  
 Upon the cold night of my dream—  
 A part of you who fill the whole  
 Of earth-existence; and I seem  
 Clothed in the beauty of your soul.  
 Oh! I had never loved before;  
 But when I met you, loved you, then  
 I stood in fancy on a shore  
 Before the mournful haunts of men—  
 Beyond the ignorance and the lust,  
 The crime, the shame, the burning sin,  
 The misery, and all that hate that rust  
 Our faith and all that faith can win.  
 Then I perceived what life may be  
 In the peace of love and utter truth.

Through love that makes him strong and free  
And shows his glory on his youth.

In you I found what others seek  
Through heavy days with eager eyes,  
Yet with a trust that grows more weak,  
As time moves on to death and dies.

A noble nature, which is worth  
The jewelled crown that princes wear,  
The potent kingdom of the earth,  
And all the splendours treasured there.

For human nature is a thing  
Too often bitter, selfish, dull,  
Which grovels when it cannot sing,  
And hates what God made beautiful.

But the sweet power that fashioned you,  
Formed you, I think, as some ideal,  
Divined you wise, and pure, and true,

And oh! so passionately real.

It gave you such a gentle heart  
That fools can wound it, and so deep  
That none can sound it with their art,  
Though they may force you, dear, to weep.

Yet wrong can never wrong you, sweet,  
Until the one that loves you turns  
And casts your love to waste, and feet,  
And what his soul had worshipped spurns

— GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY —

THE TRUE QUOTATION.

In an evil hour it lay in wait  
For a pen that labored early and late  
With words of wisdom, and thoughts of fire  
The man in the heat of his strong desire  
Thought, "Is old Ed still at it, good,  
And that at least will be understood."

But the crisis sigs a sigh of pain,  
And said, "Do I see thee yet again?"  
The old leaves fall that the new may come,  
When the bluebird sings the crow is dumb;  
But patient worms that are hawked about  
Never can seem to be quite worn-out.  
Or rainier, though worn they take their place,  
With fell coarset and a trossome grace,  
Even as oft an odious gnat  
Holds his own with the very best.

ANNA S. REE

BIRD TALK.

From St. Nicholas

"What news, what comfort, do you bring?"  
"Say, gossip, say!"  
As you come back with tired wing  
Adown the airy way.

"So high above the trees I flew,  
High, gossips, high!  
I saw a little rift of blue,  
A lovely glimpse of sky."  
"And is it true that storms will cease?  
True, gossips, true?"  
"Oh, yes, the winds will be at peace,  
The sun will shine on you!"  
"So chirp and chatter, sweet and gay,  
Call, gossips, call!  
Fast comes the happy spring this way,  
Brave gossips all!" CELIA TRAXIT

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MY LOVE,  
From The Yale Record.  
My love is a FISH, a red, red FISH  
As beautiful as a RAINBOW.  
— RICHARD S. —

A smile and a blush for each she hath,  
But only a thorn for me.

My love is a violet, tender and true,  
Whose fragrance pure and free  
Perfumes the air like the breath of prayer  
Yet never a thought for me.

My love is the sun, the radiant sun,  
Whose glory all may see—  
She shields her beams on all around  
And not one ray for me.

Oh, her beauty and blushes, her radiant smile  
How quick my eyes will see,  
When one day Love shall lead my love  
A captive home to me.

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THE SAILOR WIFE.

The last parting thought of the day,  
Has been flashed to the listening hills,  
While we glide o'er the waters away,  
As a soft breeze o'er white sail hills.

And my love at the tiller stands,  
So strong and so swift and so free,  
With her hand set with her shapely hands,  
For the queen of the wave a she.

Talk to me not of your road-haf girls!  
But give me my brave adobe sail!  
With her sun-browned face and sea-swept  
And her voice as fresh as the air.

For my wife will be true to me,  
However the winds may blow,  
And we'll sail along, with a loving song,  
Be our voyage swift or slow.

So talk to me not of your dainty girls,  
But give me a woman brave!

Far better than roses, of teeth of pearls,  
Is the courage that dares the wave.

For our bark shall glide, whatever bestride,  
All safe to the other shore,  
When the storm of life, and its weary strife  
Can trouble our souls no more.

FRENCH LETTER-WRITING.

From Truth (London).

Very well-educed Frenchmen write perfect French, and you can always, when necessary, have driven you into a corner, turn round and say that he is guilty of some breach of etiquette. Louis Bonaparte was correct. A gentleman remarked, "It was incorrectly corrected." French of Louis Blanc. (I must write Genevieve.) Louis Blanc was not the rarest and the best of the requirements of Paris. Louis Blanc was very incorrect, and so is often Victor Hugo. I have

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## HOME INTERESTS.

PRICES IN THE MARKETS.

**GREAT ABUNDANCE—CANVASES**

**TAKE THEIR FLIGHT.**

Fulton Market has been the central point of interest to housekeepers and caterers since the arrival of the first North River shad on Wednesday. The occasion was mentioned in *THE TRIBUNE* at that time. The members of anxious epicures since then have viewed the market to purchase shad, but the supply from the Hudson has been limited. The first was caught of Keyport, New-Jersey. While this is not, geographically speaking, from the North River, it is all the same to the fish dealer. On Thursday thirty shad were netted in the river near Dobbs Ferry. On Friday and yesterday the supply had increased several hundred by accessions from the Delaware River. Besides these highly prized shad, the driving fish of the season, the Chook salmon was received from the Columbia River. These are considered equal in flavor to the Kennebec salmon of the Atlantic coast. The English salmon, the Chook salmon, Mr. Blackford from Billingsgate Market in London. They weighed fourtens pounds each and were bought for the Windsor Hotel at 50 cents a

star in the soda and flour. Have two pounds of lard or lard lined with waxed paper. Pour the cake mixture to the depth of about two inches in each pan. Sprinkle a layer of fruit on it. Cover with a thin layer of the mixture, and add more fruit. Continue to layer until the cake and fruit is used. Bake two hours in a moderate oven.

**PULPIT SKETCHES.**

**THE REV. THEODORE C. WILLIAMS, OF ALL SOULS' UNITARIAN CHURCH.**

This society was incorporated in 1821 under the title of the First Congregationalist Church. It occupied a plain, unpretending house of worship in Chambers-street until 1845; when under the pressure of advancing commerce, a removal was effected, and a large and expensive Gothic church is brown-stone was built, at No. 544 Broadway. This was subsequently sold to the Unitarians, and in 1855 the present edifice was dedicated.

## PULPIT SKETCHES

THE REV. THEODORE C. WILLIAMS, OF A  
SOULS' UNITARIAN CHURCH.

The spring Dubbs began. On Friday and yesterday the supply had increased several hundred by accessions from the Delaware River. Besides these highly prized shad during last week's consignment of Chinook salmon from Alaska, there was also a consignment of Coho considered equal in flavor to the Kennebec salmon of the Atlantic coast. There were also some English turbot which came to market at \$10 per cwt. and some haddock in London. They weighed fourteen pounds each and were bought for the Windsor Hotel at 30 cents a pound.

The first catch of mackerel this season from the Virginia Capes, to the number of 100,000 pounds, was sold during the week at 15 and 5 cents a pound according to their size. In the latter part of the week they were worth 18¢. The prices were reasonable. The North River roe shad brought \$1.50 and the bucks \$1 each. Southern shad were worth 90 cents a bushel, or 60¢ per lb. The prices were good. The Chinooks cost only 45 cents a pound. Canada smelts could be had for 6 cents a pound. Rhode Island clams were worth 75¢ per bushel. The fish market here was glutted. The prices of all varieties were lower. Whitefish sold for 40 cents a pound. The only fish that rose in value during the week were the small white perch, which were worth 15¢ a pound. Oyster crabs at 82¢ a pint are one of the features

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At the close of the dedication sermon, the title of the church, which had been known in New York as the Divine Unity, was changed by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Bellows, to that which it has since borne. This new church has the aesthetic sensibility of its day. Wrey Mould, as the aesthetes have called it, is handsomely decorated, as a man quite beside himself, or one who had affronted and scandalized not only the venerable traditions, but even the common sense of his people. It was not quite clear whether he had deliberately attempted to fool and cheer the people by this departure from all current ideals of Manhattan ecclesiastics, or whether he had merely intended to amaze and dazzle. All sorts of ribald sayings and names

On Tuesday, the season in which the sale of wild ducks begins. There has been a slight demand lately on the part of the public for these birds, but their approaching departure together with their high prices have had a retarding effect. A Canada goose cost \$3.50 and \$4 a pair; there are no redheads or black ducks in the market, and mallard and teal sell at \$1 a pair. Wild pigeons are scarce. A pair of rock doves have a retail for \$2 a dozen, time pigeons \$2.50, white squabs are \$4.50, gross plover \$2.50 and fresh plover \$3.50 a dozen. English plover \$4 a pair. Grouse are scarce. A pair of wild birds \$1 and \$1.50 a dozen, and some snail at 25 cents a pound.

Best time specimens of dried/gale fat, chickens and wild ducks are sold at 25 cents a pound, delayed by a few of the first-class dealers at 25 cents a pound. Frozen capons may be found for 30 cents, and frozen Vermont turkeys for 25 cents a pound. Grouse are scarce. A pair of wild birds \$1 and \$1.50 a dozen, and some snail at 25 cents a pound, and fowl range from 16 to 20 cents a pound.

of cents being asked for the roasting chickens. The steamer, which was bound back-ward to the mouth of the Southern pier. The steamer which arrived from down the coast yesterday, however, brought a fair supply of the two crops of potatoes. The first of the season, the "early" crop, is now in the last fall's growth. This spring's crop sells for \$1 60 a peck, last fall's crop brings \$1 20 a peck, while native white potatoes cost only 75 cents a peck or \$2 a bushel. The early crop is now in the market at 30 cents a bushel, dozers, 20 cents and 50 cents each, and tomatoes 20 cents a pound. Charleston asparagus sells for 10 cents and a bunch of 100, and the small, thin, long 10 cents a bunch, oyster plants 20 cents, rhubarb 10 cents, radishes 5 cents, and table celery 25 cents a bunch. Green peas are 10 cents a bushel, and the small, thin, long 10 cents a bunch can be had at \$1 a peck, string beans for 75 cents a half-peck, and fresh mushrooms at \$1 a pound. Fresh new country butter is offered in Franklin, Lou- Mar, and 40 cents and 40 cents. Country butter, the country's butter of the best quality 30 cents. A

disagree him conspicuous over the stands of many dealers anywhere. But the best thing is that the judge, by the looks of some of the butter it needs more than the pleasure to give it a clear title.

"They are all kind of frightened down in the market," said a dealer, "at least I think they are. I don't know if it is possible just at present to buy any oleomargarine in Washington Market."

Butter is selling very cheaply and consist of the usual spring variety. There are piles of large white goose eggs, the delight and joy of the Hebrew heart, that sell for \$1.20 a dozen; barrels of dark eggs which are never sold by the dozen but always at seven or eight dollars a dozen; and dozens of hens' eggs to be had for 25 cents a dozen.

Charleston is sending the best strawberries to this city at present. They are worth 75 cents a box. These strawberries are superior to any to be had at prices varying from 30 to 50 cents a box. In fact they have become common enough for hucksters to

While the northern is filled with its great oval houses above, the southern presents a different surface. The windows are small, and the walls are covered with painted windows, dividing the whole area in equal spaces and following the curvatures of the dome. The windows are of various sizes, and of great arch in their varying lengths. The availability of such a ground plan for an auditorium is easily seen in the case of the church of the Holy Trinity, in Nassau street, which is a fine example of the arrangement, in massing a great congregation centrally and in agreeable relations with the pulpit. The Byzantine influence, and almost demand, for the use of the dome, is seen in the variety of colors. With this addition, and some really good stained-glass of the later English school, the interior of the church is a fine example of the makers for the nobly toned windows the intention of the architect would be fully ripened into an excellent and most successful result. The interior of the church, carried out in the same materials as the exterior, fills the lot on the east.

UNITARIANISM IN NEW-YORK.

Unitarianism represents an exotic culture in New-York. It is rather an echo of New-England adventur-

are crying and hailing the streets. Choice oranges  
are now coming in, worth 50 cents a dozen. Man-  
gros are worth 40 cents a pound, and bananas from 40 to  
60 cents a dozen.

Spring Lamb is down in price to \$5 and 75 a carcass.  
Pheasants are worth \$4 and forequarters \$2.

RECIPE.

Roast Shad, baked, Maitre d'Hotel Sauce.  
Roast Wild Turkey. Potatoes in cases. Spinach. Jelly.  
Sweetened Apples with Rice.  
Custard. Cake.  
Figs.  
Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

MUTTON BROTH.—Take the fat from the liquor  
in which your leg of mutton has boiled. Add pep-  
per, and a little salt, bearing in mind that mutton  
is a cooling food.

**SCALLOPED COD.**—Butter an earthenware pudding dish, and place in it neat flakes of the cold fish with any of the gelatine which is left; line the bottom with a layer of bread crumbs, and then with a layer of melted butter that you may have. Sprinkle with salt, a very little red pepper, and a pinch of mace; place alternate layers of fish and bread crumbs in the dish. Cover the top with fine bread crumbs, put bits of butter over it, and bake twenty minutes.

**FISH TOAST.**—Take cold boiled fish of any kind, pick it into flakes and heat in enough milk to moisten it; add a bit of butter, and season with pepper and salt. When hot, dip the toast in the fish, and serve with butter and garnish with hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices.

**OYSTER SALAD.**—One peck of celery, one quart of oysters, one-third of a cupful of mayonnaise dressing, one-half cupful of vinegar, one-half cupful of oil, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Let the oysters come to a boil in their own liquor, drain them, and mix with the dressing, salt, pepper, and lemon juice. When cold, put in the ice chest for at least two hours. Scrape and wash the whitest and tenderest part of the celery, and cut in small cubes. Add to the salad, and mix in a bowl with a large lump of ice, and set in the ice chest until serving time. When ready to serve, drain the celery, and mix with the oysters and half of the dressing. Arrange on a platter, and garnish with white celery leaves.

**SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH SHAD ROES.**—When you have shad for dinner, scald the roes ten minutes in boiling water, and then fry them in butter for three minutes, turn dry, and set on a platter.

The pastorate of this society has been filled by men of great distinction. Henry Ware was one of the finest preachers of the nineteenth century. He was also crowned with scholarly accomplishments. Dr. Follen, a German of the best European culture, followed him. All the world knows something of the many-sided, great-hearted pastor and scholar who succeeded him, Dr. Charles F. Johnson. His ministry indeed was less congregational than to the people at large. He seemed rather a servant of the commonwealth than the salaried functionary of a denomination.

**THE YOUTHFUL FAVOR IN THE PULPIT.**

The successor of Dr. Bellows seems strongly antithetical in personality, purposes, and professional equipment. He is almost a youth, not yet thirty. He has been a licentiate for scarcely two years. He is slight of frame, has a light, delicate voice, and speaks under some physical constraint. He is without gifts of any special physical or vocal attention. There is nothing

**Eggs on Toast.**—Six eggs; one cupful drawn butter, sliced in thin slices of stale bread, toasted and buttered; chopped parsley; pepper and salt. Heat a cupful of milk to scalding; mix in a large teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a dash of salt; beat smooth, and stir until it is as thick as custard. Add chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste. All this should be done in a tin vessel set in boiling water. Pour the custard into a shallow dish, forgetting to pare the crust from each "slice" before it is toasted, broiled, and laid in close rows upon a hot dish. Put a tablespoonful of hot water on each plate.

**LEMON BUTTER.**—Beat up a rich yellow sauce, with butter enough to stand alone. Heap upon the toast and send it to table.

**LEMON PUDDING.**—Three eggs; one scant cup of sugar; two livers' spoonfuls of corn-starch; one teaspoonful of oil; one pint of milk; one heaping teaspoonful of butter. Beat the milk, and stir in the corn-starch wet up; pour four teaspoonfuls of cold water. Cook—stirring all the time—until it thickens. Then add the butter and the oil, and mix perfectly cold. Then beat the eggs light, and add the sugar, the lemon juice and grated peel, and whip in, a great spoonful at a time, the strained corn-starch milk. Bake in a buttered dish.

**HOW TO COOK A LEG OF VENISON.**—This recipe, contributed by the *Chef S. H.* Agnew, was communicated to him by the cook of the Prince of Wales. Take your leg of venison, leave all your skin on, and rub it with salt and pepper, and a little oil. In the morning of his career has captured the marvelous secret of putting things with an unerring, automatic simplicity and efficiency of each and every movement. It is not precocity nor the flush of dead genius, but a rare, early wisdom, bringing power, thought and speech, in their highest relations. Indeed, the man is a great deal more than a great man, in the outward and visible world, and there is a hilling impression of common-place, and thus any body might say the same things. It is after all like Lincoln's common-place, homelyness, and the great man is not a great man, but a man, and is unimitable; and soon enough the clinging phrases, delicately fashioned apothegms, deep, pregnant sayings, nuggets of rich sentimentation, begin to cling and stick like burrs, and all the while the man is gathered in, and the great man is gathered in.

Mr. Williams is a deep, steady, loving thinker, with an abundance of whims—a sense, a sear, and, and an

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